## **Ex-husband Goes Money Comes Chapter 308**

Jerry narrowed his eyes and stared at him. Suddenly, he laughed with extreme arrogance.

"So Viola didn't tell you everything. She even hid the deal between me and her from you. Your relationship with her is so fragile that you can't even withstand a single blow."

Ormand's hand that was holding the cup trembled slightly. The coffee drenched his hand and scalded his fingertips.

"I was right?"

Jerry was even more pleased with himself. "You've done so much for her and endured the torment of illness for so long. If she were to end up with me in the end, you would feel lonely in the future! How miserable you are!"

Ormand was expressionless. His movements were elegant and noble. He picked up the wet towel on the table and wiped the coffee on his hand clean. He applied a cold compress on his red fingertips.

"You don't want to talk? Then let's continue our game."

As soon as Ormand finished speaking, Todd immediately raised his stick.

Jerry shouted, "Stop! Of course, I have to say it!"

He hoped that Ormand would know.

Only then would it be more fun!

"I gave her the antidote, and she canceled the engagement and married me. Unfortunately, just two days ago, when I gave her the medicine to alleviate the symptoms of your body, she already promised me!"

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Jerry finished his words.

There was a loud bang.

Ormand threw the cup at Jerry's feet.

The broken glass splashed, and coffee spilled all over the ground.

Jerry's calf was scratched by the flying sharp glass, leaving a few hideous blood marks.

Seeing that Ormand was furious, he laughed more and more crazily, "So what if you can survive? When the time comes, you will see me have her, and you will forever lose her. It should be a feeling worse than death, right?"

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Ormand was getting more and more violent.

The pair of black eyes turned blood red, and he was eager to kill Jerry.

Todd got Ormand's meaning. He pointed at Jerry before Ormand gave the order and asked the guards at the door, "Avoid the vital parts and beat him to death! Don't show mercy to him. Keep his breath and don't kill him!"

"Yes, sir."

Since Todd had spoken, Ormand did not say anything. He stood up and left the interrogation room.

Todd immediately followed.

Behind him, Jerry was still laughing, "How pitiful. Mr. Hobson is really pitiful! When your body recovers, it will be when Viola is with me. It's great!"

Ormand clenched his fists, blue veins popping up on his forehead as his entire body emitted a terrifying killing vibe.

Todd comforted him, "Mr. Hobson, don't listen to him. The Secret Bureau of

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Investigation is best at reading people. As the former leader, Jerry is the most skilled at attacking people's minds. What is the truth in his words? Let's slowly investigate later!"

In the basement, Jerry's screams rang out very quickly, mixed with his horrifying laughter.

From afar, it sounded very strange.

Ormand restrained his anger. He was very calm and left without looking back

Viola had just arrived at the entrance of the Falcon's house when she saw a grey truck parked on the side.

John and Melinda were moving their luggage to the truck.

It seemed that they had already dismissed all the servants and bodyguards in the house. John and his wife used to have the reputation of being a couple of rich and powerful families. Now, they had to carry the luggage on their own. It seemed that they had already lost everything.

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Viola's Maserati Mc77 just stopped at the side.

A luxury car was a stark contrast to the small truck.

Melinda was the first to notice her, and her face was not very good. "We

already feel terrible. Is Ms. McGraw here to humiliate us?"

"Melinda! Don't be rude." John gave her a look. He then looked at Viola, and his tone was calm, "The Falcon family and the McGraw family are old friends. Ms. McGraw is our guest at any time. How can the guests make things difficult for us?"

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Viola just smiled. John was indeed a lot more experienced. He wanted to prevent her from hurting them.

"Don't worry, Mr. Falcon. I just wanted to talk to Rebecca in private."

"She's packing up in the room upstairs," Melinda said.

Viola nodded and went into the villa. She went up to the third floor and arrived at Rebecca's room.

The door was ajar.

Viola gently pushed the door open and saw Rebecca sorting out her old branded bag and jewelry. She seemed to be struggling internally.

She gently knocked on the door with her knuckles and casually reminded, "These things no longer belong to you. The bank will sell them to repay the loan your family owes. So you don't have to worry about it because you can't take any of them with you."

Hearing her voice, Rebecca instantly looked up. The moment Rebecca confirmed that it was Viola, her eyes suddenly became filled with hatred.

"What are you doing here? Are you here to see me make a fool of myself?"

Viola nodded. "Of course. After all, this might be the last time I see you."

Rebecca laughed, "I thought you would be polite and pretend to be a good person. I didn't expect you to be so direct when talking to me. Unfortunately, back in Washington, I became soft-hearted and let you live until now."

Rebecca dropped the things in her hands, stood up, and raised her chin arrogantly.

In front of Viola, she would never admit defeat.

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Viola looked at her self-esteem that she barely managed to maintain, and her vicious eyes that refused to repent.

"Your parents have been working hard for a lifetime. Now that they are old, they have to squeeze into a small house, which was for poor people to live in.

"The good reputation that your elder brother has saved for a lifetime has been destroyed by you. Even if he was a top student, no big enterprise would dare to accept him. In the future, he can only be a labor worker, barely managing the livelihood of the family. "And all of this was caused by you. Don't you feel the slightest bit of shame?"

Rebecca snorted in disdain, "It's just the winner takes all. They are my family. but they can't help me get what I want. They deserve to be like this. Moreover, I have lost, but you shouldn't be too proud. I'll wait for others to come and deal with you!"

Viola approached her and whispered, "The 'other person you are talking about is Max?"

Rebecca's expression turned serious. She didn't say anything and stared at her with a sharp gaze.

"I'm afraid someone helped you with your birthday banquet. That person is Max, right?"

From the first time she saw Max, she began to doubt.

Rebecca looked back arrogantly and sneered, "You mean that female star? She's a bastard. Is she worthy of being my advisor?"

"It doesn't matter if you don't admit it. I'll find out sooner or later," Viola said in disbelief.

She took out the printed evidence of the crime from her bag and began to Chapter 308 Let Her Go to Prison

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Get Bore read it lightly, "Five years ago, you were drunk and killed someone. John faked your mental identification and paid for your crime. The victim's family members were not convinced and complained

about you online. After you found out, you brought bodyguards to beat them up and caused two serious injuries. In the end, John helped you settle it."

"How did you know?" Rebecca widened her eyes in shock.

Viola didn't answer her question and continued to read, "Four years ago, at the socialite tea party, you disliked the attitude of the hotel waiter. You found someone to vent your anger on him in private, causing him to have comminuted fractures throughout his body. And four years ago, you..."

"Enough!"

Rebecca shouted angrily. She snatched the evidence from her hands and tore it apart fiercely. "These are all your words. I will not admit it!"

Viola held her hands in a cold and proud manner. Her red lips curved into a smile. She continued, "Keep your words to prison."

Rebecca felt a chill on her back and keenly sensed that something was

wrong.

"What do you mean?"

Just as she finished speaking, there was some noise downstairs.